

The Comickall Historie of

For this foole Gudge, this Opinion:
Come good *Lorenso*, fare ye vvell awhile,
Ile end my Exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* never lets me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tonguedried, and a mayd not vendible. *Exeunt.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Bass. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing more then
any man in all *Venice*; his reasons are as two graines of wheat hid
in two bushels of chaffe: you shal seeke all day ere you find them,
and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now vvhath Lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.

Bass. Tis not unknowne to you *Anthonio*,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shovving a more swelling port,
Than my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor doe I now make moane to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my chiefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts,
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*,
I owe the most in money and in love,
And from your love I have a vvarrantie
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleare of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lye all unlockt to your occasions.

Bass. In my Schoole daies, when I had lost one shaft,

I ther

the Merchant

I shot his fellow of the selfe same
The selfe same vway, vvith more
To find the other forth, and by ad
I oft found both: I urge this ch
Because what followes is pure in
I owe you much, and like a wilfi
That which I owe is lost; but if y
To shoot another arrow that self
Which you did shoot the first, I
As I will watch the ayne, or to f
Or bring your latter hazzard bac
And thankfully rest debter for t

Ant. You know me well, and
To winde about my love with ci
And out of doubt you do me now
In making question of my utter
Then if you had made vvaft of al
Then dee but say to me vvhath I f
That in your knowledge may by
And I am prest unto it; therefore

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady ric
And she is faire, and fairer then t
Of vvondrous vertues; sometime
I did receive faire speechlesse me
Her name is *Portia*, nothing unc
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Porti*
Nor is the wide vvorld ignorant
For the foure vvinds blow in fro
Renowned sutors, and her sunny
Hang on her temples like a gold
Which makes her seat of *Belmon*
And many *Iasons* come in quest
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the m
To hold a rivall place vvith one
I have a minde presages me such
That I should questionlesse be fo

Anth. Thou knowst that all
Neither have I money, nor com